SAWDUST

SEPT. - 1944

VOL. IV - NO. 9

"Inyo-Mono: The Last Great Stronghold of American Traditions and Western Philosophy"

Getting His Goat

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

A Boy Died Last Night . . .

A BOY died last night. It doesn't make much difference now about his name. It might have been your son, your brother, your husband. The important thing is that he died, in poignant and awful loneliness out somewhere on a waste of sand, out in a starless silence, 10,000 miles from home.

"Missing in action" read an obscure line in this morning's communique. That was all. Now he lies there, a crumpled, twisted mass of flesh, that yesterday was his body. The fine head and the shining face and the broad shoulders remain only in a picture that looks out upon a quiet living-room on a shaded street an eternity away.

Last night, in those agonizing hours of unspeakable isolation, he went through a thousand deaths without the one thing that might have helped a little—the sound of a familiar voice, the pat of a friendly hand. Many people died last night in their beds at home, surrounded by those who cared. Last night he died in utter desolation in an unimaginable loneliness.

The pain was terrible enough. But then there had to be that dreadful burden of thought in those endless last hours. Mom and Pop. The flowers blooming again in the backyard. The good old roadster in the driveway. That last sweetheart kiss at the station. Those dances last summer. That half-finished letter in his blouse. All those plans for the future. Couldn't somebody find him, please? That wracking pain again.

Too much for you, all this? But it really happened last night, just like that. It's going to happen a thousand times—ten thousand times, and perhaps a million times in the nights to come. If people could only understand it. If they would just grind deep into their thinking the stark, terrible reality of it, every petty, selfish interest would be swept away. They would sacrifice anything and everything just to make themselves worthy of that boy.

He died last night, you see. There's no way to get around that.

—John H. Hoagland in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

SENTENTIOUS ANCEDOTES

Glutinous

Shortly before you were born—in 1704, to be exact, John Campbell, postmaster of Boston, founded the Boston News Letter, the first paper in the colonies to have more than one issue. He got a lot of his material from English newspapers which came over on sailing vessels. Since ships came infrequently, he often got a bundle of issues at one time. It was his practice to pile up these papers in their date order with the oldest on top. He would then select his news from the top papers until he had enough for an issue. Thus on at least one occasion he was 13 months behind the most current information which he already had in his shop. He may have been wrong in this practice; he may have been right, but I am sure he was bull-headed about it. Anyway, I am reminded of John's most outstanding characteristic when I receive the August number of SAWDUST in December. You are a tenacious bastard, aren't you? Or do you take offense at that word "tenacious"? — Major Roy L. French, L. A., Cal

● Let reader Major French, majority owner of the printery whence SAWDUST emerges with staggering irregularity, mind his p's and q's. What Major soberly vowed what month last Summer to obtain what linotype operator to enable what printery to catch up with what printing contract?—Ed.

Publicist

The October issue of THE HARTFORD AGENT came to hand a few days ago, although last night was the first opportunity I had to glance through it and take note of your interesting article on Pages 58 and 59. I am sure you will agree with me that Miss Ernestine Robin, Editor at the Home Office, did a splendid job in setting up your contribution. This article should evoke considerable comment at this time. . .—Gilman L. Camp, Los Angeles, Calif.

Puss Weary

I liked the June issue about 23-X-21311. That dear old man . . . I haven't had a beer since . . . No I haven't sworn off. I just haven't any. And Harry couldn't get me cigarettes yesterday, so I guess the Phew Dealpuss is going to make a good woman out of me, the S-Bs. —Mrs. H. B., Brazil, Ind.

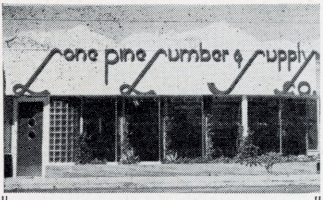
Extoller

The letter was set up so nicely, and so correctly typed and punctuated, it certainly does credit to your office help. Whoever is responsible, the letter as sent out does credit to your organization. —Mrs. Doris Bathrick, Rosemead, Cal.

● To pert and efficient secretary Florence Adair, a full, floor-sweeping bow. —Ed.

Libellary

Came down to see you one day but I guess you were off in a cribbage game somewhere. What I have in mind is promotion of tax money and a little interest on the dough represented by, and incident, to the real estate of mine on the Main street upon which there appears to be a pile of old fourth grade timber. Excuse me, I didn't mean to degrade your grade.—Howard W. Dueker, Lt. (MC) USNR, MBDAG 42, VMF 123, MCAS, Goleta, Calif.



Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

Rudie Henderson
Edward Hjeltness
Guy Martin
Florence Adair
Albert Sainz
Cruz Sainz
O. H. Honerlah
Amanda Lasky
Chas. E. Ellis
Orin F. Dearborn
Walter Santos

E. P. Fitzgerald
Lee Meyers
Tom Hancock

Jimmy-the-Red, Mascot

Chalfant Press, Printers

REPLYING TO YOURS OF . . .

SAWDUST rounds out its 45th continuous month of publication with this issue, each with a Lawson Wood cover. Political, bureaucratic commissars almost continuously panting down our necks, permitting, we have in hand stock for 15 additional issues with covers by Lawson Wood.

Why this "thing" called SAWDUST?

The prime reason may be found at the bottom of the front cover. Secondarily, we like to consider it as being in lieu of our inability to find time to write letters to our numerous friends. SAWDUST, for that reason, differs from typical house organs—not necessarily for the better. We well know that in candidly expressing what we believe is right, is far from soothing to some of our good customers.

"Exilic Yearnings" in this issue is a prime example of SAWDUST's secondary purpose. In eight long years, Clarence Badger has yet to receive a letter from this writer, and in all that time we have consistently heard from him. Yet, in reference to SAWDUST, Clarence asserts: "My Lord, it was good to hear from you."

That many interpret SAWDUST similiarily is mutely testified by the many letters we receive from those whose previous ones remain unanswered. One of our good friends recently griped righteously that this was his fourth letter without a response. Like all, he is low on our correspondence list, but exceedingly high on SAWDUST's ever lengthening mailing list.

RETROSPECTION . . . Lone Pine Fire Brigade, 1885

Front Row, left to right: Felix Meysan, Oscar Dearborn, Ben Lasky, Dick Richards, Fred Burkhardt, Max Skinner, Abe Diaz, Relles Carrasco, Jim Reynolds, Pete LeBarge, Frank Elder, Joe Blaney, Silas Reynolds, Rafael Diaz, James Holland. Second row starting with small girl in front of window at left: Maggie Zahn, Adelina Meysan, Minnie Grijalba Sainz, Mary Alday, Mrs. Dick Richards, Nettie Dearborn Holland, E. H. Edwards, Stella Meysan, Clara Reynolds Eibershutz, Matilda Meysan, Nellie Reynolds. 60-year-old photograph by capable unknown itinerant. Locale: E. H. Edwards store.

THANKS . . .

To Genevieve Naffziger for picture in this issue of Clarence Badger.

—

NEXT MONTH . . .

"Wallpaper" will be omitted to allow space for a strictly personal discourse entitled "Hoosier Interlude". Absent for 6 long years, this writer reluctantly pulled himself away from this lumber business for 15 days, and with son Rudie, re-visited Hoosier haunts.

The lumber business, in this writer's absence, ran better than ever. Dammit!

—

If it took any effort to go from today to tomorrow, some fellows would still be in yesterday.

—

It is easy to be an important citizen if you can find a town small enough.

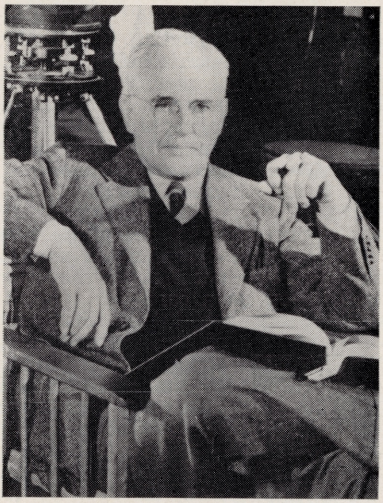
Wallpaper

History records but one indispensable man: Adam . . . The original gold panners and gold diggers were forty-niners, but most of the modern ones are thirty-sixes . . . Months ago, we recorded in this column a bit hilariously the odd accident of a Bishop lady running one of her paps through a washing-machine wringer. Dutifully, we solemnly note that this writer recently got in a bit of a careless hurry with his trousers' zipper . . . One of the things we enjoy in these days of lack of help is the big go-getters having to get up and go get it . . Oscar Burkhardt certainly picked out an opportune time to have his appendix amputated. There was no pinochling for three weeks at Jim Mills' place while it was closed for renovation . . . Item not printed in the local press: Eddie Williams using up his Army furlough; then wiring to his Texas camp that he would have to remain in Lone Pine for a few days while he earned some travel money hustling lumber for us; and thereafter shooting himself in the foot. To state the purpose would perhaps be libelous. Any way it didn't work . . . In these days of stogie shortages Mark Dailey frequently drops in and perks us up with a couple of genuine Coronas—and we don't mean typewriters . . . Tops in radio programs in our crude opinion: The Great Gildersleeve . . . Portland cement has taken a raise of 5c per sack. The first increase in price since the start of World War II . . . One of our lumber-men friends chides us for grumbling in SAWDUST that lumber costs have risen 68%. In his words it smacks of disloyalty to our means of livelihood. Be that as it may, we'd rather be right than prejudiced . . . One of the most intriguing modern mysteries is how the neighbors get so much sugar and gas . . . To judge by the quantity, quality and size of trout pulled from the newly formed Crowley Lake, the resort rights there should prove profitable . . . Jimmy-the-Red is the last of three small boys intrigued by rubber stamps and pad at this writer's desk, in the identical way that he and brother Tom were, in years gone by, at Dad's Vandalia and Pennsylvania railway stations . . . Don Carpentier recently requested us to put his name on the mailing list for "Sagebrush". Ah, such is fame . . . Did you ever pause to think that Lone Pine's Volunteer Fire Dept. is tops? Once the siren blows those boys really snap into action! . . . Random thought: Those 75c porterhouse steak dinners that Wong Coon served twenty years ago . . . The recent sharp earthquake in the Coso Hot Springs area convinced Mark Daily that he doesn't want any pumice block buildings on his place. Lone Pine should be due for a real trembling temblor one of these days. It will be interesting, if not tragic, to see what happens to the pumice block dwellings the government built on the Indian reservation . . . We recently dropped in on active octogenarians Tillie and Sandy McMahan at Whittier. Sandy seemed grateful for our customarily proffered stogie, which invariably serves to remind us of the day stenographer Stanley Vance loaded one of our

favorite brands and placed it conveniently in our desk drawer. Sandy strolled in, and unknowingly we presented him with the explosive smoke. Lighting it, Sandy was a bit curious at Vance's speed on the typewriter and leaning over behind him to watch more closely, the cigar let go and splattered the back of Vance's neck with red-hot ashes. Vance went into a neck-slapping dance; Sandy was insulted that we should pull such an old trick on such a venerable person as himself; and we gaped in open-mouthed innocence. In fact we blamed a certain tax-auditor residing in Bishop, until Vance broke-down and confessed . . . Despite gasoline rationing, packers reported a record season in tourists getting away from the roaring road and riding horses into the tranquility of the High Sierra . . . Speaking of gasoline rationing, it is now permissible to classify all sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles, who live more than three gallons away as distant relatives . . . We also observe there must be a shortage of cosmetics. In fact some of our feminine friends now appear not nearly so bad as they were painted . . . We are in a position to authentically state that things begin to look a bit bleak, when there are more hairs in the brush, than in the head it's used on . . . One of our cattlemen's bow-legged daughters opines that she has an awful time getting her calves together . . . Occasionally, on Sunday afternoons, we load the lumber truck with a flock of boys and their bicycles, and grind up to the end of the road at Whitney Portal for the thrills of coasting back to Lone Pine, 14 miles all down hill. Jimmy-the-Red goes along and on the return trip stands at the wind-shield wistfully licking his chops for that great day when he will be old enough to do the same. We sympathize with him, for we well remember the thrills of coasting down the several hundred foot stretches of gravelled road around Otter Creek and Leafy Lonesome in the flat-lands of Indiana. What we would have done as a youngster for the chance to coast down a hill 14 miles long! . . . If, as these OPA blue-noses pessimistically predict, California is going to be such a helluva place to live after the war, why doesn't Inyo-Mono arrange to be annexed to Nevada? Geographically that is where we belong. Besides, there is no sales tax, no state income tax, and a lot of other things of advantage. Some interesting legal angles would arise, let alone the City of Los Angeles having an interstate aqueduct. Let all those in favor drop us a card . . . Of all the incongruous things that we will perhaps never adapt ourselves to, is the huge Navy base out here on the desert. A year ago the Inyokern area had a population of 284. It is now in excess of 16,000. These bluejackets and Waves are certainly a long ways from the salt air of the Pacific . . . We have never been keen for government publications. They nearly all smack too much of propoganda for the Phew Deal. One that we will sorely miss is the monthly California Employment Security Survey, with its factual information and statistics of Unemployment Insurance activities. Suspension was necessary because of a drastic cut in the Social Security Bd's budget.

EXILIC YEARNINGS

In the Spring of 1931, the late, great Will Rogers, then on movie location at Bishop, journeyed to Lone Pine one evening and engaged this writer to take him to Clarence Badger's residence in the Alabama Hills. Arriving at Clarence's palatial home after four miles of chattering up the winding, corduroyed grades of Lone Pine Canyon, Rogers



WILL ROGERS' FIRST DIRECTOR

was keenly disappointed to find that Mr. Badger was in Hollywood for a few days.

Although we in Lone Pine had known Clarence Badger for seven years, he had always been exceedingly modest and reticent in discussing his personal affairs. How unlike a product of Hollywood! We knew that until a year or two prior to that evening in 1931, Clarence Badger had been for years one of Paramount's ace directors, commanding a salary of four figures weekly.

Returning to Lone Pine this writer accepted Mr. Rogers' invitation to join him in consuming a bowl of soup and a sandwich at Charlie Sumner's Mt. Whitney Cafe. In that brief half hour we learned more from Will Rogers of Clarence Badger's achievements than we had in seven years past. Clarence had directed Will Rogers in his initial motion picture—in fact, had been director of his first 18 screen features.

Clarence Badger was devoted to Lone Pine. He loved it! He was part and parcel of those good people with which this village has always been endowed, perhaps more than any desert community. Prior to his departure to Australia in 1936, Clarence wrote and directed the last of the Lone Pine Lions Club's famous minstrels. Under Mr. Badger's professional direction this writer entered into his part during rehearsals, so enthusiastically, that he was the sole cause of fracturing Aurelia McLean's wrist, a scant week before scheduled production dates at Lone Pine and Bishop. Like the good trouper that Mrs. McLean was, the shows went on as scheduled, arm in cumbersome cast.

Of the home movies we prize, are shots of Clarence with his dog, Dutch, on a final summery Sunday in Lone Pine in 1936, as he was packing for Australia.

Until another Will Rogers comes along we will perhaps not know definitely the big and good things Clarence has been accomplishing in Australia for the past eight years. We do know that Clarence went to Australia for the prime purpose of developing for the government of that continent, the motion picture business that would be on an equitable basis, although naturally of a smaller scale, with Hollywood. World War II coming to Australia in 1939 undoubtedly put a quietus to that. With his inborn versatility we have been told that Clarence has since been knee-deep in Australian radio.

Whatever he has been doing the past

eight years, we know from his letters that Lone Pine remains foremost in his thoughts, as may be judged by this, his latest letter:

My Lord, it was good to hear from you. And I'm not kidding. You might think, gee what's got into that bloke? I haven't written to him. All I've done is to post him a few issues of SAWDUST.

Well, my friend, if your posting me a few copies of SAWDUST isn't hearing from you in a big way, I don't know what is—teeming as your little swell publication does with news of dear old Lone Pine, past and present. I cannot begin to express how much I ve enjoyed receiving them.

I devour each copy avidly. Devouring them, like one in a trance, I make my way down Main Street; drop in and say hello to you—in your new quarters, which I've never seen; drop in on old Bill McLean and his sweet wife—swell folks, God bless them; pause to say hello to Jenny in her new Gift Shop— a lovely character, unforgettable; and on and on saying hello and yarning with all my good friends in Lone Pine, not forgetting for a moment the great bunch at the Lion's Club.

Yes, SAWDUST has done things to me. That mountain air up there in Lone Pine. Gosh! And the Creek! Just to sit again by Lone Pine Creek! Drink and smell of it! Nothing like it anywhere else in the world. You'll be thinking by now, if the darned old fool is so anxious to say hello to everybody up here, and goes into a trance every time he thinks of our air, water and smells, then why the devil doesn't he come back to Lone Pine?

That is just what I am hoping and planning to do just as soon as the world's present headache is cured and the lights are turned on again—believe me.

Sometimes, I almost think I am back in America, with all the Yanks here—especially the numbers of them one sees in Sydney. They crowd the sidewalks around the clock. The localites have not a chance, not only in regard to sidewalks, but in regard to pubs, eating places and places to sleep. However, it was just another circumstance that helped to take the edge off my homesickness, that is, hearing the American language spoken once again.

Just the same, Australia is a beautiful country. The Eastern portion a lot like California. The swimming beaches are grand. They fairly teem with people—not now, Summers. (Middle of winter at this writing.) Sydney harbour is most picturesque. Like a lovely water-colour from whatever angle you might glimpse it, night or day. Australia's fauna is strange and interesting, survivors from a long distant past age, evolution having stood still. We see the creatures just as they were in that dim day. The same applies to the aborigines discovered here by the whites. Palaeolithic people, my word. Australia was "down under" before its discovery, sure enough. Way "down under". Far in the beyond. But civilization's forces have taken care to erase all that. Still, there are a few Abos, koala bear, platypus, lyre and bell birds, emu and kangaroos, to making seeing believing for the next couple of generations, anyway

Thanks again for SAWDUST I wish you all the success in the world. In my absence, I'll leave it to you to say hello to Lone Pine for me—all my friends—all our happy times together, memories which will always live with me, wherever I may go or chance to be.

—Clarence Badger.

BEHIND THE BANDSAW

An old lay kept a parrot which was always swearing. She put up with this but on Sunday she kept a cover over the cage, removing it on Monday morning. One Monday afternoon she saw her minister coming toward the house, so she again placed the cover over the cage. As the reverend gentleman was about to step into the parlor, the parrot remarked, "This has been a damn short week."

—SD—

Two Negro soldiers were discussing the relative merits of their company buglers.

Said one: "Fellah, when dat boy of ours plays pay call, it sounds 'zactly lak de Boston Symphony playin' de Rosary."

The second boy snorted.

"Brothah, you ain't got no buglah atall. When Snowball Jones wraps his lips aroun' dat bugle ob his, an plays mess call, Ah looks down at mah beans, an ah sez: 'Strawberries, behave! Yo is kickin' de whipped cream out ob mah plate!' "

—SD—

It was a fashionable wedding. The bridegroom had no visible means of support save his father, who was rich. When he came to that part of the service where he had to repeat: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow!" his father said in a whisper that could be heard all over the church:

"Heavens! There goes his bicycle!"

—SD—

Tramp: "Kind lady, can you oblige me with something to eat?"

Kind Lady: "Sure, go right out to the woodshed and take a few chops."

In Memphis, a worried Negro walked into the office of the rent control administrator and asked if anyone could tell him who his landlord was.

Clerk: "Your landlord is the man you pay rent to."

Negro: "I don't pay no rent. You see, 'bout nine years ago I found me a house vacant and moved in. I been there ever' since and I ain't never paid no rent."

Clerk: "Well, then, what are you worrying about . . . You have no complaint!"

Negro: "Yassuh, I knows dat. But if somebody don't fix dat roof, I'm gonna move out."

—SD—

One of Major Roy French's students is now with the OWI in England. In late November, he became the father of another baby girl, which, of course, he hasn't seen. The child's mother reported that she was in labor at the birth for only 20 minutes. The proud father reported that bit of obstetrical information to an English friend.

Said the Englishman, admiringly: "Isn't that just like the Americans! They can build a bomber in an hour, a liberty ship in five days, and produce a baby in 20 minutes!"

—SD—

The recruit was loudly eating soup. A companion asked, "Do you need any help?"

"No," was the reply.

"I thought you might want to be dragged ashore," the other suggested.

—SD—

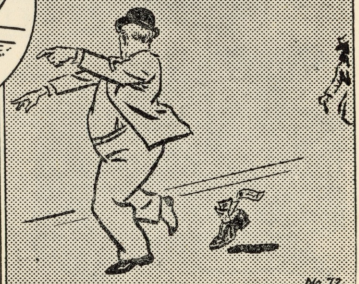
"Well, I think I'll put the motion before the house," said the blonde, as she danced out onto the stage.

Oddities

UNHARMED IN 7 MONTHS ACTION IN THE PACIFIC, A NAVY SEAMAN WAS KNOCKED OUT BY A STREET LAMP FALLING ON HIS HEAD AS HE WALKED WITH HIS WIFE ON HIS FIRST SHORE LEAVE.

BURGLARS BROKE INTO A RESIDENCE AND STOLE ONLY ONE THING - AN ALARM CLOCK.

RUNNING FROM A BANDIT, A MAN LOST HIS SHOE, CONTAINING $60.



Copyright, 1940—MARYLAND CASUALTY COMPANY

No. 72.

Love knows no distance

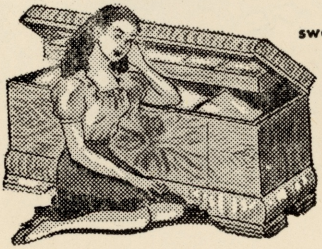
when pledged with a

LANE

Cedar **HOPE CHEST**

As Advertised in LIFE

THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME



Though oceans apart, *true love* brings sweethearts close together! No symbol of eternal love is so perfect as a LANE the gift of everlasting romance.

The Modern Chest Illustrated **39.50** *with the Lane automatic tray*